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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Our notice of the performances at this theatre was inadvertently omitted the week before last. To preserve our record complete, we may, therefore, as well state here, that the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was played on Saturday, the 1st inst., with Madame Sontag, &c., and that on the Tuesday following, Miss Catherine Hayes being indisposed, Madame Frezzolini undertook the part of Lucia, in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, at a few hours' notice. On the subsequent Thursday, when *La Tempesta* was to have been given for the first time, the production of that opera being postponed until the Saturday, *Lucia* was repeated. On both occasions her reception was highly flattering. The ballet performances presented no new features.

Since our last, *La Tempesta* has been repeated thrice, to overflowing houses. On Thursday, Her Majesty the Queen attended the performance, and appeared highly pleased. Madame Sontag, Lablache, and Carlotta Grisi were in high favour with the royal party, Her Majesty and Prince Albert bestowing marked applause upon their exertions frequently during the evening. To-night *La Tempesta* will be represented for the seventh time. We find no reason, on a closer acquaintance, to modify the opinions we have already advanced upon the merits of this work. It has evidently gained the public ear, and there can be little doubt that it will be the means of filling the treasury. MM. Scribe and Halévy have, therefore, left our shores with the pleasant conviction that their trip to England has alike been honorable to themselves, and profitable to the spirited lessor of Her Majesty's Theatre. Whatever else we have to advance about *La Tempesta* will be found in the article headed "Our Contemporaries."

We understand that M. Halévy's opera is likely to run yet many nights. Bellini's *I Montecchi e Capuleti* is, however, on rehearsal for Madlle. Parodi, and will, we believe, be succeeded by Rossini's *Tancredi*, for that young lady, in conjunction with Madame Frezzolini. Meanwhile we shall be glad to hear Gardoni in *Le Comte Ory*, and Madame Sontag in *Il Domino Nero*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Roberto il Diavolo was repeated on Saturday, Madlle. Vera sustaining the part of Isabella, in consequence of Madame Castellan's sudden indisposition; the *Gazza Ladra* was revived on Tuesday; and the *Prophète* was given for the first time this season with Madame Viardot on Thursday.

The performance on Tuesday was remarkable for the appearance of Tamburini and Ronconi in the same opera, it being the first time, we believe, they ever played together. Perhaps a better vehicle than Rossini's *Gazza Ladra* could not have been chosen by both artists to exhibit their qualities in the

most favourable light. Since the year 1833, when Tamburini first essayed the part, Fernando has been identified with his name, and has remained one of the most finished and powerful of his performances; while all Paris lately proclaimed that Ronconi had achieved one of his greatest triumphs in the *Podesta*. Although Castellan was announced for Ninetta, her name was withdrawn in consequence of indisposition, and Grisi was compelled to assume her original character; Mario was the young Soldier, Madlle. de Merle the Pippo, Tagliacchio the Fabriccio, Lavia the Jew Pedlar, Madlle. Cotti the Lucia, and Polonini the Georgio. The opera was very strongly cast, and nothing was wanting but Alboni in Pippo to make it complete in every respect. Perhaps another rehearsal would have ensured more precision and certainty in the finale to the first act, and in the condemnation scene. We fear that French operas are absorbing all the attention of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, to the detriment of Mozart and Rossini. Doubtless they are ruled by the prevailing, or fancied prevailing, public taste, and take their cue accordingly; but a little bird has whispered in our ears, that a little while and the old love for nature and simple beauty will return, and that good opera-going folks will relish music all the better for not having their feelings galvanised and their ears treated like drumheads.

The performance of *La Gazza Ladra* on Tuesday was a real triumph for the management. It was very nearly perfect. We were sorry, however, to find the prison scene so much cut. The opera is certainly long, but, as there is no after entertainment, these curtailments are questionable. Why should the *Podesta*'s scene with Ninetta be omitted, and why leave out one of the most delicious *morceaux* in the whole opera, the duet for soprano and tenor, "Forse un di cognoscerete?" The magpie, too, should receive instructions in flying, thieving, and flapping his wings with something like decency.

No one who witnessed Grisi on Thursday night had cause to regret that she had taken Castellan's place. Her performance was splendid throughout, and all the old enthusiasm was awakened in the most striking parts of the opera. Her voice has lost none of its silver sweetness; the high notes have not deteriorated from their former brilliancy, while the power and volume and quality—the Grisian quality—still remain, and passion and intensity have grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength.

We have not heard Tamburini in such fine voice for years. He sang magnificently, and acted as powerfully and pathetically as in his most glorious days. There is one drawback to his great performance—the introduction of the scena from the *Maometto Secondo* in the second act. The opening movement is large and expressive, but the *cabaletta* only stops short of the ridiculous, and no singing could render it interesting or pleasing. With the exception of the singing of this *cabaletta*, Tamburini's performance was inimitable.

The feature of the evening was decidedly Ronconi, who was

[* Postponed till our next.]

received on his *entrée* with uproarious cheers. A single glance at his make-up showed the great artist. He looked the cunning, amorous Podesta to the life, while humor peered out from every line and corner of his face, and made the spectators scream before he uttered a word. The expression of Ronconi's face is truly marvellous. His features are as flexible as German gutta percha. He will laugh with one eye, and, as it were, weep with the other, while his mouth preserves an expression of the most perfect indifference; or he will reverse the expression of each feature; or he will represent as many passions in his countenance as there are opinions in a red republican club. In short his face is a perfect kaleidoscope, varying its meaning with every change, and ever presenting something striking. Ronconi's conception of the Podesta is entirely his own. It differs materially from that of Zucchelli and Lablache. He plays it as we fancy Frederick Lemaître would play it. He invites the audience into a separate understanding with himself, and directs all his bye-play to them. This is after the fashion of the French comedians, and was the principle that governed some of our own greatest comic actors, witness Dicky Sutt, and Power. It is this understanding with his spectators which sometimes leads Ronconi away from the business of the scene into extravagance, and endangers the performance. Having taken the audience into his confidence, his attention is mainly turned to them, and it is his business not to throw them over. He must amuse them at all hazards. His wink is an invitation to their sympathy, and a curl of his lip, the sign labial of a contract entered into between him and them. He is the Mephistopheles of the fun, and the spectators the Faust, led away and spell-bound.

Ronconi's singing was admirable in the Podesta, although his voice wanted weight in the concerted music. We never heard the opening air, "Il mio piano il mio preparato," rendered with so much effect. Every note had its point, and the close was hailed with a rapturous burst of applause. In the first finale, all the stage business was quite new. This scene could not have been better acted. Ronconi and Mario were exceedingly natural, and the dialogue was carried on with as much life and spirit as if a French comedy were being acted. The whole of the music was splendidly sung. Mario came out on two occasions with electrical effect. He was apparently labouring under a cold, but he sang with exceeding sweetness the aria *d'intrata*, "Vieni fra questa braccia," and his part of the beautiful quartet "Mi sento opprimere," with immense passion.

Mademoiselle de Meric looked and acted Pippo excellently, but her singing was exaggerated, and wanted finish. She was very forcible in the duet in the prison with Grisi, which, nevertheless, escaped the usual encore.

The overture was encored with acclamations.

At the end of the first act all the principals were recalled; after the condemnation scene Grisi and Tamburini separately; and at the end of the opera all the principals a second time.

We trust the *Gazza Ladra* will be again repeated. After so great a success the directors should not allow it to be shelved.

The *Prophète*, and Madame Viardot, attracted an overflowing audience on Thursday night. The cast of Meyerbeer's great work differed in several respects from that of last season. In the first place Madame Castellan filled the part of Bertha, vacated by Miss Catherine Hayes. In the next place the two principal anabaptists, the tenor and bass, last year sustained by Luigi Mei, and Marini, were supported by Formes and Meralti; these changes were all for the better, and the performance of Thursday was, in consequence, a great advance on the best performances of the bygone season.

There were some alterations in the music. If our ears did not deceive us, the opening chorus was shortened. Bertha's restored aria is an improvement, and Madame Castellan sang it to perfection.

The ballet in the lake scene suffers considerably from mutilation. We should strongly counsel the omission of the introductory chorus in this scene, and the restoration of the ballet music. The chorus is uninteresting as a composition, and is absurd in point of effect. The dagger and posture business is very crude Cobourg "business."

Madame Viardot's reception was enthusiastic. The cheering was prolonged several minutes, the whole house presenting the appearance of a "lawn" sea, from the waving of kerchiefs.

Madame Viardot's acting and singing in *Fides* is one of the grandest and most finished performances of modern times. The rusticity of the first scene is admirably assumed, and forms a fine contrast to the heart-full tenderness in the scene where the mother calls down the blessing of heaven on the son who unhesitatingly gives up love and happiness to save her life. The character of Fides is, perhaps, the most striking Scribe ever painted. It rises to sublimity in the scene of the coronation, and the artist, in the profundity of her conception and the intensity of her execution, reached the elevation aimed at by the author, and realised his finest creation. Madame Viardot was as great as ever in this tremendous scene, and produced an effect not to be described. Her most splendid vocal points were, perhaps, the "Pieta, pieta, Abbi," in the third act, when the wretched mother begs for money to buy a mass for her supposed departed son; and the grand cavatina, "O verita," in the prison. This last is a marvellous display of vocalisation, comprising an extent of voice of more than two octaves and a half, and embracing passages of the most perilous description. The exquisite pathos infused into the song to her son in the second scene, "O figlio mio, che dirò," is one of the most impressive points in Madame Viardot's performance; but, indeed, the whole was a triumph from beginning to end, and was acknowledged such by the audience, who gave vent to loud and reiterated bursts of applause in every scene. At the end of the coronation scene, when Madame Viardot and Mario were called before the curtain, bouquets were thrown from every part of the house—even from impossible places—showing the ultra-enthusiasm of the audience.

Mario's Prophet is certainly his greatest performance. The manifold beauties of his acting and singing overwhelmed every defect. His performance in the coronation scene is a masterpiece. Every look and attitude is instinct with meaning, and the manner in which he keeps his eyes averted from his mother, whom he fears to recognise, is a touch of the finest genius. Mario is a profound actor. He produces the greatest effect without the slightest exaggeration, and shows his power the most when he appears to make the least effort. His singing the beautiful aria, "Un impero più soave," was exquisitely tender and delicate, and the bacchanalian song in the last scene was a superb display of vocalisation. He was encored in the last with tumultuous applause.

Madame Castellan made a most charming Bertha. The fair artist was the original Bertha at the *Académie Royale*, and sustained the part with great éclat. The music is well suited to her brilliant and energetic style of vocalisation. The acting of Madame Castellan was no less happy than her singing. She threw an immense deal of feeling into the duet in the last act, when Bertha learns from Fides that Jean is dead. Indeed, no singer could do greater justice to the part.

Formes was a decided improvement on Marini. His grand voice told with powerful effect in the rugged hymn, "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam;" and in all the concerted music his importance was deeply felt. He made a fine and telling point in the scene where Zacharia discovers Oberthal, who enters the camp of the Anabaptists in disguise.

Maralti was also an advance on the personator of Giona last season.

The band and chorus were in immense force, and Mr. Costa appeared to feel the weight of the responsibility attached to the pledge of the Royal Italian Opera directors, that every work produced should be given with a perfect ensemble. If a perfect performance has not yet been attained in the *Prophète*, it must be attributed to the colossal magnitude of the work, and the difficulty attending the aggregation of new interpreters in its execution. After a few repetitions, we shall expect nothing short of a complete and perfect performance at the hands of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

The *Prophète* will be repeated to-night, Tuesday, and Thursday.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE eighth and last Concert for the Season, took place on Monday night. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in G Minor
Recoit. "Divisi noi"—Duo, "Sappi che un rio dovere"
(*Bianca e Faliero*), Miss Lucombe and Miss Dolby
Concert Stück in C Minor (M.S.) Pianoforte, Mr.
Benedict (*First time of Performance*)
Cavatina, "Lieti Signor" (*Les Huguenots*) Miss Dolby
Overture, "Der Berggeist"

Mozart.

Rossini.

Benedict.
Meyerbeer.
Sporh.

PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7
Recoit. "Chi per pietà"—Aria, "Deh! parlate" Miss
Lucombe
Fantasia (*Ludowici*), Violin, Herr Ernst
Duet, "Now for him I lov'd so truly" (*Jessonda*),
Miss Lucombe and Miss Dolby
Overture, "Jubilee"
Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Beethoven.

Cimarosa.
Ernst.

Sporh.
C. M. von Weber.

It is not surprising that such a good selection should have attracted an unusually large audience. The rooms were so full that many persons were compelled to remain in the lobbies, while the inconvenience was heightened by the fact of the anti-chamber, ordinarily occupied by those who object to the heated atmosphere of a crowded area, being closed, or rather choked up in such a manner with canvass and other moveables, that it was impracticable for use. Considering that the members of the Philharmonic Society are such very old and valuable customers, we cannot but think this was a very ungracious and arbitrary proceeding on the part of the proprietors of the Hanover Square Rooms, more especially on the last night of the season. Some good, however, may possibly come of it. Every one is aware that the Hanover Square Rooms do not provide sufficient accommodation for the Philharmonic Concerts. There is not space enough on a full night, and with the new system of numbering the seats those who arrive at eight o'clock must be content to stand in a draught, near the door, or to sit in the lobby, out of hearing of the orchestra. The rooms, moreover, are not large enough for the proper effect of a band of eighty performers. The blasts of the wind instruments, in full pieces of the modern school, are quite overpowering. When choral pieces are performed the inconvenience is two-fold, since only a small chorus

can be placed, and that not without discommoding the members of the band. Hence the execution of such works as the ninth symphony of Beethoven, the *Lobgesang*, and the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, have generally been partial failures. That such compositions come within the scheme of the Philharmonic Society cannot be doubted; but they require a chorus of at least 200, and this, at the Hanover Square Rooms, is out of the question. Already, as we hear, the question of finding a new *locale* for the Society's performances has been mooted. If the change be possible the sooner it is accomplished the better.

Little need be said about the two great symphonies which formed the strength of Monday night's programme, beyond the fact that they were executed in first-rate style, and that the *minuet* of Mozart and the *allegretto* of Beethoven were both encored. We must praise Mr. Costa for taking the *minuet* in *minuet* time, a necessity too frequently overlooked by modern conductors. The *trio* in Beethoven's *scherzo* should have been given faster; the composer has marked it "*un poco meno mosso*" in the score, but being played nearly twice as slow as the *scherzo*, the contrast was greater than Beethoven intended. The *fugato* in the *allegretto* was admirably worked up, beginning with a *pianissimo* which left no room for criticism; and indeed the entire performance was in most respects such as we should like always to hear at the Philharmonic Concerts. Spohr's overture to *Der Berggeist*, one of his grandest orchestral compositions, was also very finely played; and Weber's dashing *Jubilee*, which ends with the English national anthem, was a spirited and appropriate climax to the concert and the season.

The engagement of Mr. Benedict to write a concerto and to perform it himself is a guarantee that the complaints of subscribers and the strictures of the press are beginning to have weight with the directors. Better late than never. Although Mr. Benedict, for upwards of fifteen years, has occupied a very distinguished position among our resident musicians and pianists, he has never before Monday night exhibited his talents at these concerts. His reception was so flattering, however, as to make up for this long attendance in the ante-chamber of Philharmonic patronage. Mr. Benedict's *Concertstück*, as he modestly terms it, is worthy of his reputation. The work of an able and conscientious musician, it abounds with ingenious orchestral effects, and passages for the pianoforte which could only have been written by a thorough master of its resources. The first movement, in C minor, *allegro maestoso*, opens impressively; the general style of this movement is passionate, but a happy relief is afforded by the second theme, a melodious and expressive *cantabile*, which first appears in the major key, accompanied by a beautiful *obbligato* for the violoncello, and is subsequently resumed in the minor, when the oboe adds a new and peculiar colouring to the instrumentation; the *bravura* passages that follow each delivery of this theme are vigorous and brilliant. The *allegro maestoso* does not come to a close, but glides into the next movement, a *pastorale*, to which the introduction of a kind of *scherzo* in the middle, as an episode, gives quite a novel form; though, on the whole, we found this movement too long, especially in the episode, the extremely clever management of the orchestra sustains the interest throughout, while there are some charming points of melody in the *pastorale*. The *finale* is joined to the preceding movement (Mr. Benedict has adopted Mendelssohn's plan of making the movements flow into each other, so that the concerto forms one uninterrupted piece of music) by an *agitato* passage for the orchestra, which leads by a *crecendo* to the theme in C major, one of great

is followed by a *bravura* passage developed with the utmost skill. A short *fugato*, something like that in the *finale* of Mendelssohn's first symphony, is subsequently introduced, and the movement is brought to a close with great spirit. The *concert-stück* is crowded with difficulties, and demands an unusual facility of execution; but although the fact of his appearing for the first time before one of the most severe audiences in Europe naturally made him nervous, Mr. Benedict played throughout with great fire and animation, giving equal effect to the passages of energy and to those in which a more graceful and subdued expression was demanded. His success was decided, and he retired amidst unanimous applause.

As it did not please the Directors to invite Herr Ernst to play a concerto at one of the concerts, notwithstanding that he has been in London all the season, we were not displeased to hear the great violinist in one of his own ingenious fantasias. The *Ludovic* is at once one of the most pleasing and brilliant pieces of its kind. The subject, a light and sparkling melody, in Herold's happiest manner, as Ernst has developed it—by the aid of the orchestra, of which he has so thorough a knowledge—becomes as acceptable to musicians as to amateurs. From the manner in which the theme was delivered it was evident that Ernst was going to play his best; his tone was exquisitely pure, and his phrasing large and expressive. His performance created the greatest enthusiasm; the *staccato* variation, one of the most original feats of its kind, executed with perfect neatness, and the *coda*, an elaborate passage of double-stopping, executed with astonishing rapidity, were received with loud applause, and Herr Ernst retired amidst the heartiest expressions of satisfaction from the whole room.

The vocal music was uniformly good, and the warm reception accorded to our excellent English singers, Misses Lucombe and Dolby, plainly showed how much more welcome they were to the audience than the foreign mediocrities to whom we have been compelled to listen at some of the recent concerts. Rossini's duet was sung to perfection, and that of Spohr was equally unexceptionable; but we must confess we should have preferred hearing something newer than the *scena* of Cimarosa and the page's song from the *Huguenots*, which the clever young ladies have been singing so very frequently of late.

On the whole, the present season has been a very successful one, and in spite of the drawbacks, of which from time to time it has been our duty to complain, not altogether undeservedly so. Mr. Costa's influence on the band has been unquestionably of the highest importance; in a short time, under his superintendence, if it continue to improve as of late, the Philharmonic Society will cease in any respect to be second to the Paris *Conservatoire* in this essential department. Already superior in force and energy, the Philharmonic band is in the right road to equal its celebrated rival in delicacy and light and shade. The faults we have to find with the management of the Philharmonic Society are, a want of spirit in presenting novelties to their subscribers, an occasional indifference to artists whose reputation may have undoubted claims on their attention, a habit of continually repeating the same programmes with but slight deviation from season to season, a general negligence in respect to the vocal music, and an obstinate blindness to the merits of our own composers. During the eight concerts of the season just expired, the symphonies performed have been as follows:—Mozart in C (*Jupiter*), in D No. 4, and in G minor; Beethoven, in D, in B flat, in F No. 8, in F (*Pastorale*), in C minor, and in A; Haydn, in G (Letter Q), and in B flat No. 9; Mendelssohn, in A No. 2, and in A minor; Potter, in D; Spohr, in C minor,

No. 3—fifteen in all. To none of these can any exception be made, unless to the *entr'acte* symphony of Haydn in B flat, which ought now to be confined to the student's shelf; but we maintain that some of them might for a time give way to newer compositions, or to others which are rarely or never performed; they would be heard with double zest after a silence of two or three years. The overtures, or at least many of them, stand in the same predicament. These have been Weber's *Euryanthe*, *Ruler of Spirits*, *Preciosa*, and *Jubilee*; Bernhard Romberg's in D; Onslow's *Guise*; Cherubini's *Anacreon* and *Les Deux Journées*; Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*; Spohr's *Bergegeist*; Ries' *Don Carlos*; Beethoven's *Leonora*, and Mr. Griesbach's *Tempest*, MS. Those of Weber, *Preciosa* excepted, have been literally worn threadbare; the two of Cherubini, and Beethoven's *Leonora*, have shared the same fate; Onslow's *Guise*, and Ries' *Don Carlos*, ought not to have been played at all; and the only novelty, Mr. Griesbach's *Tempest*, would probably have never been proposed had not the composer been one of the directors. Besides these, an *adagio* and *fugue* of Mozart was introduced at the fourth concert in place of an overture, but made very little sensation; while the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, which took up an entire part of the fifth concert, though well executed, came too late in the evening, after a long and dreary selection of vocal and instrumental pieces, to be properly appreciated. The soloists have been Mr. Blagrove (violin—Mayeder's *Polonaise* in A), and Mr. C. Salaman (pianoforte—Beethoven's *concerto* in C minor) at the second concert; Mr. Cooper (violin—Mendelssohn's *concerto*), at the third; M. Sington (violin—Beethoven's *concerto*), and Miss Kate Loder (pianoforte—Sterndale Bennett's *caprice* in E), at the fourth; Mr. Lindsay Sloper (pianoforte—Mozart's *concerto* in C minor), at the fifth; M. Thalberg (pianoforte—Mozart's *concerto* in D minor, and Thalberg's *fantasia* on *L'Elisir d'Amore*), at the sixth; M. Allard (violin—Allard's *concerto* in E), at the seventh; Mr. Benedict (pianoforte—Benedict's *Concert Stück*), and Herr Ernst (violin—Ernst's *fantasia* on *Ludovic*), at the eighth and last. We shall offer no remark on this list, nor upon any individual who makes a part of it, but considering the number of distinguished artists, well known to be in London during the season, we say, without hesitation, that it was not what the subscribers had a right to expect for their subscription of four guineas. Two quartets and a trio have been introduced this season, which by no means increased the attraction, although tediously prolonging the duration, of the concerts; at the first concert Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat No. 12, by Messrs. Sington, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas; at the fifth, Haydn's No. 81, by Messrs. Blagrove, Sington, Hill, and Lucas; at the sixth, one of the most hackneyed and dullest of Corelli's trios, written for violin, but played upon the violoncello, with another violoncello and a *contrabasso*, by Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Howell. Our objection to this renewal of a custom judiciously abandoned, and now doubly unwise, since it exposes the Philharmonic Society to unfavourable comparisons, has more than once been stated and explained. The vocalists during the season have been Miss Louisa Pyne, Madlle. Charton, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mad. Madeleine Nottes, Mad. Ortensia Maillard, Miss Lucombe and Miss Dolby; Messrs. Sims Reeves, H. Phillips, Benson, Whitworth, Frank Bodda, Machin, and Herr Formes. As the vocal music is always regarded as subordinate at the Philharmonic Concerts, it is scarcely worth while to complain of the list of singers, or of the music that some of them selected to sing; but we have a strong opinion on the subject nevertheless.

ROYAL SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The proprietors of this agreeable place of amusement have this season met with a success almost unprecedented. The weather has been unusually favourable for "out-door" amusements. The small charge of admission, one shilling, combined with the liberality of the arrangements, render these gardens one of the most desirable places of resort in the metropolis during the summer season. Such a brilliant and varied entertainment as is nightly given by the proprietors could not be made remunerative except in a *locale* covering a vast space of ground. The hours for commencing and terminating are also most convenient to families. The concert begins at half-past six, and the fireworks are over at ten o'clock. The public are too familiar with the rarity of the animals contained in the Surrey Garden collection to need any description from us; but should they require any special information, we advise them to go and obtain it themselves at the gardens; they are worth a visit. The magnificent painting representing "the passage of the Alps," by Danson, is attracting a more than usual share of public attention. All who have seen this painting and have visited the Alps, pronounce Mr. Danson's work to be, not only a masterly performance, but a strong resemblance. The distance is marvellous.

The musical arrangements appear to have received a particular attention on the part of the proprietors. M. Jullien is engaged as *chef d'orchestre*, and also many of the popular *artistes* from the Drury-Lane concerts. M. Jullien is as indefatigable here in producing novelty as at his own concerts at Drury Lane. In addition to selections from the most celebrated operas, M. Jullien has lately produced a new galop and a new grand march. The galop is a description of a trip and the bustle on the "Derby day," with a *finale* descriptive of the "coming-in" at the winning-post and the triumph of the winner. All the resources of M. Jullien's method of orchestration are employed to give life and vigour to the description, and the applause at the Surrey Gardens is, we have little doubt, more unanimous than it was on the Epsom Downs on the Derby day.

On Monday evening, M. Jullien produced a new grand march, written in compliment to the illustrious General Jung Bahadoor Koonwur Ranajee, ambassador from Nepaul, who, with his suite, honoured the gardens with his presence on that occasion. This is a style of composition in which M. Jullien is peculiarly happy, and this is one of his happiest efforts. The subject is a graphic imitation of the Indian style of melody, and is arranged with great tact. The trio is written in a style more in accordance with European notions. The instrumentation is highly elaborate, brilliant, striking, varied, and effective. The melody of the trio is both original and charming. On the whole, the "Nepalese March" is one of the most pompous and imposing we have heard, and is admirably adapted for concert orchestras and military bands.

The "lion" of the evening, the Indian ambassador, appeared to derive great satisfaction from such a distinguished mark of attention on the part of M. Jullien, and was evidently pleased with the composition, which, at his particular request, was repeated. General Jung Bahadoor Koonwur Ranajee also honoured M. Jullien by personally paying him his compliments, and held an animated conversation of several minutes' duration with the spirited and enterprising *chef-d'orchestre*.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Godfrey to omit according him the praise rightly due for the state of excellency to which the orchestra has arrived. Under such a vigorous *baton* as

that of M. Jullien any orchestra would go with spirit; but not the less credit is due to the experience and exertions of Mr. Godfrey, who has brought it as it were perfect to M. Jullien's hands. Amongst the soloists we remarked Messrs. Kenig, Pratten, Sonnenberg, Collinet, Prospere, Jarrett, Sommers, and other well known artists. We believe that upwards of twenty thousand persons, of a most respectable class, paid the entrance money at the doors on Monday evening. The gardens have been crowded every evening during the week.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.

MR. BENEDICT gave his annual grand concert of vocal and instrumental music yesterday in presence of a fashionable and brilliant audience that completely filled the theatre. The programme, divided into three parts, comprised about thirty *morceaux* in all, the execution of which occupied something less than five hours. The catalogue of performers included the names of Madame Sontag and the principal artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mdlle. Charton, from the St. James's, Herr Ernst, Herr Molique, M. Vivier, Signor Piatti, M. Hallé, and other eminent instrumentalists. The programme, although leaning in a great measure to the popular style, was well varied and interesting. Mr. Benedict, with his accustomed modesty, was very chary in exhibiting his talents, and only appeared once as a pianist, in a composition of his own—the *concertante* for two pianofortes and orchestra, of which we spoke so favourably last year. M. Hallé joined Mr. Benedict in the execution of this spirited and effective piece, which was admirably played and received with great applause. The other compositions by Mr. Benedict were vocal. Mdlle. Charton, in a florid aria from a manuscript opera, evinced unexpected familiarity with the Italian school of vocalisation. The air, an elegant specimen of the *bravura* style, was rendered with equal animation and facility by the talented *prima donna* of Mr. Mitchell's theatre, who was honoured by the most flattering marks of approval. "The morning song," a short and sparkling *cavatina*, composed for Madame Sontag, and sung by that consummate vocalist with a grace and neatness quite her own, was equally successful, and obtained the distinction of an encore. Both these pieces were instrumented with Mr. Benedict's usual taste and knowledge of effect. "The "Festival overture," composed for the Norwich musical meeting in 1848, although announced in the programme, was omitted, for some unexplained reason, much to the regret of every one present.

The vocal programme included a large number of *morceaux* so familiar to the public that they demand no special notice. Among the most successful were the "Ah vous dirai-je Maman," with Adam's variations, by Madame Sontag, accompanied by M. Remusat on the flute (encored); the trio for basses from Ricci's *Chiara di Rosenberg*, by Coletti, Belletti, and Lablache; the trio for tenors from Rossini's *Armida*, by Gardoni, Calzolari, and Baucarde; the unaccompanied trio for female voices, from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, "Lift thine eyes," by Madame Sontag, Mdlle. Charton, and Mdlle. Ida Bertrand (sung much too slowly); the lively duet from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, "Ah figlia incanta," by Madame Sontag and Madame Frezzolini; the "Un Segreto," from *Cenerentola*, by Lablache and F. Lablache; an air from *Maria di Rohan*, by Madame Giuliani, &c. Signor Gardoni made his first appearance in public since his return from St. Petersburg, and in the trio from *Armida* showed that his voice had lost none of its charming quality, while it seemed to have gained in strength. Miss Catherine Hayes was extremely successful in her *guirlande* to *Ingenue* and *Julie* and *Julie*

well received in Balfe's popular new ballad, "The joy of tears," which she sang with great feeling. The full vocal pieces were a scene from Gluck's *Armida*, and an "Ave Verum" of Mozart, in each of which the principal singers took part. The last is a beautiful composition, and was perfectly well executed. Mademoiselle Parodi gave the lively *canzone* of Stephano, from *La Tempesta*, with great fire, and was warmly applauded.

The instrumental part of the programme was equally varied. The orchestra of the theatre, under the energetic conduct of Mr. Balfe, who directed the entire concert, performed Spohr's fine overture to *Der Berggeist*; M. Molique played a very clever fantasia of his own, for violin and orchestra, on "English national airs," with his usual spirit and accuracy; Signor Piatti gave a solo for the violoncello on "favourite Russian airs," with that perfection of tone and style for which he is remarkable; Ernst and Hallé played the *andante*, with variations for violin and pianoforte, from Beethoven's grand sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, in first-rate style, and were warmly applauded; Mr. Ap Thomas executed a fantasia of Parish Alvars on the harp; and MM. Hallé, Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, and Osborne, united in the performance of a "quartetto" for four performers on two pianofortes, the composition of the last named gentleman.

M. Vivier, whose public appearances have been very rare of late, delighted the audience with one of his most masterly performances on the horn. The composition, an *andante* in E minor, with accompaniments for the orchestra, besides being well adapted to develop the capabilities of the solo instrument and the peculiar merits of M. Vivier's playing, contains many passages that attract notice from their intrinsic beauty alone, without reference to executive display. The principal theme, a phrase of genuine melody, which appears twice, in different keys, brought out the full rich tone of the performer in pleasing variety, while in the *cadenzas* he introduced with great felicity some of those novel and extraordinary effects of harmony which have perplexed both theorists and practicians. M. Vivier's performance was listened to with the utmost attention, and loudly applauded at the conclusion.

On the whole, in spite of its extravagant length, the programme appeared to give general satisfaction, since the majority of the audience remained until the end. As Mr. Benedict is engaged to accompany Mademoiselle Jenny Lind in her American trip immediately after the present season, this concert may be regarded as a farewell to his friends and the public until his return to England in 1852.

MOLIQUE'S NEW TRIO.

WE quote with pleasure the following intelligent critique of the last great instrumental composition of Molique, from the columns of the *Morning Post*, published by Messrs. Wessell and Co.:

"If all the foreign gentlemen who favour us with their company at this season of the year were as sterling musicians as the author of these compositions, we should have no cause to regret the excessive patronage lavished upon them by the British public. The residence of Herr Molique in this country cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon our rising artists, for he is a professor of the best school and the highest character, and as such we give him hearty welcome. The trio before us consists of an allegro, scherzo, adagio, and rondo. It is a work of considerable length and development, containing much that is new and admirable as regards melody, harmony, and construction. The first movement in the key of B flat, has a remarkably pretty eight-bar subject, which is first given to the violoncello, accompanied only by the violin. In the eighth bar, instead of completing the half cadence

on the dominant, the author employs its 6-4 chord, and modulates from that ingeniously into the key of E flat, which introduces the subject very happily and unexpectedly in the pianoforte part. Phrases derived from the leading theme are now charmingly dialogued between the violin and violoncello, accompanied by florid passages for the piano. Subsequently, at page 4, a novel figure is introduced, first in the piano part, then in the violoncello, and lastly in the violin, with excellent effect. We also admire very much, at pages 5 and 6, the working of a portion of this figure through various modulations (especially when the bass proceeds in contrary motion) up to the 6-4 chord on C natural; and the subsequent imitative "runs" in the violin and violoncello part, accompanied by a vigorous and strongly-accented passage in the pianoforte bass, which is also partially imitated in the fourth above in the violin part. The whole of this, up to the double bar at page 7, is extremely animated and exciting. Here the return to the first subject in the first double bar is naturally contrived by a modulation from the second inversion of the diminished seventh chord on C sharp to the 6-4 chord of the tonic note (B flat), with which combination the subject commences. The first division of the movement is now repeated. In the second there are also many beauties; so many, indeed, that we must content ourselves on this occasion with noticing those which struck us most. We admire especially, at page 8, the manner in which the author has introduced the leading subject in an altered form in the key of B minor. It here acquires a warmer and more passionate character; and we admire no less the graceful triplet passages he has interwoven with it, and which produce an admirable contrast. At pages 9 and 10, we find some remarkably clever developments of the leading subject in close rhythmical imitations between the violoncello and piano bass, accompanied by florid passages in the piano treble and violin parts. In the last four bars of page 11, some ingenious and novel modulations will be found, worthy the attention of the student. At page 12, the *entrée* of the leading theme F F, played by the violin, whilst the violoncello executes some clever counterpoint, and the piano a shower of florid passages, is excellently managed. The rest of the second portion of this movement consists principally of a repetition (with occasional variations of harmony) of that which was given in the first, according to the usage of the best masters. We must, however, notice a still further development of the leading theme, divided amongst the three instruments, and accompanied by highly ingenious pedal harmonies, which occurs at page 18. The concluding bars, too, are full of brilliancy and vigour.

"The scherzo is extremely light and fantastic. The *entrée* of the subject in the violin part on the chord of the seventh, with minor third and fifth, after a vague and mysterious introductory passage for the violoncello, has a very quaint and original effect. We also admire the first three bars of the last eightths, on page 13, where a playful descending passage for the violin is suddenly interrupted by some mournful notes played by the violoncello alone, and which form an admirable contrast with the joyous strain in F major (imitative of the theme first played by the violin) by which they are succeeded. To our taste, however, this strain is a little too light and frivolous for a work of high character. But for some delicate touches in the harmony and part writing, we should be inclined to attribute it to Strauss rather than to Molique. Pages 20 and 21 contain some clever progressions and ingenious imitations. At page 22, the author has displayed much tact and taste in bringing about the *entrée* of the subject. The trio is also light and pretty, but still, to our thinking, rather too *Strauss-ish*.

"After the repetition of the scherzo, the introductory violoncello passage, of which we have already spoken, is heard once more, and now leads us into the adagio in D major, 2-4 time. This movement commences very strikingly with the first inversion of the diminished 7th chord upon C sharp, struck abruptly and fortissimo by all the instruments. The cantabile subject, presently assigned to the violoncello, is flowing and elegant, and beautifully accompanied. We very much admire the manner in which the second subject, played by the violin, is accompanied. The syncopated passage in the right hand of the pianoforte part is excellently conceived and constructed. In this movement, Herr Molique frequently verges upon the beautiful, and occasionally realises it."

"To the lively rondo we can also award great general praise

although want of space precludes the possibility of our entering into further details. On the whole, we consider that the author has reason to be proud of his work; and that artists may study it with advantage."

THE LATE MISS JANE PORTER.

As in the case of the recent death of Miss Edgeworth, it is singular that so little notice has yet been taken of the demise of Miss Jane Porter, one of the most distinguished novelists which this nation has produced. Miss Porter may be said to have been the first who introduced that beautiful kind of fiction, the historical romance, which has so prospered with us, and has added such amusement and interest to English literature. The author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*, has done much to deserve the lasting respect and gratitude of her country.

The family of this excellent woman and able writer is of Irish descent. Her father was an officer of Dragoons in the British service; he married a Miss Blenkinsopp, of the Northumbrian house of Blenkinsopp, which Camden styles "a right ancient and generous family." Miss Porter's father died in the prime of life, and left his widow with five almost infant children, in slender circumstances. The great talents of this orphan family raised them to affluence and distinction. Three of the children were sons; of these, the eldest perished in a dangerous climate abroad, at the commencement of a promising career; the second became a physician, and practised successfully—he is the present Dr. William Ogilvie Porter, of Bristol.

The third son was the late Sir Robert Ker Porter, K.C.H., distinguished as an author, a painter, and a soldier; some of our finest battle-pieces are the work of his pencil, and he himself followed heroes to the field; he was with Sir John Moore when he fell victoriously at Corunna, and he earned a high reputation throughout the Peninsular war. He afterwards became a diplomatist, and was latterly counsellor at Venezuela. His *Travelling Sketches in Russia and Egypt* procured him also an author's fame. Sir Robert Ker Porter died suddenly about seven years ago; he left by his wife, a Russian lady, an only daughter, who is married and resides in Russia. The two sisters of these brothers Porter were even more distinguished. The younger of them, Miss Anna Maria Porter, became an authoress at twelve years of age; she wrote many successful novels, of which the most popular were the *Hungarian Brothers*, the *Recluse of Norway*, and the *Village of Mariendorf*. She died at her brother's residence at Bristol, on the 6th of June, 1832. The elder sister, Miss Jane Porter, the subject of this notice, was born at Durham, where her father's regiment was quartered at the time. She, with her sister Anna Maria, received her education under a famous Scotch tutor, Mr. Fulton at Edinburgh, where her widowed mother lived with her children in their early years. The family afterwards removed first to Ditton, and thence to Esher in Surrey, where Mrs. Porter, a most intelligent and agreeable lady, resided with her daughters for many years, until her death, in 1831. Mrs. Porter was buried in the churchyard at Esher; and on her tomb the passer-by may read this inscription, "Here lies Jane Porter, a Christian widow."

As a novelist Miss Jane Porter obtained the highest celebrity. Her three most renowned productions were her *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, written when she was about twenty years of age, her *Scottish Chiefs*, and her *Pastor's Fireside*. *Thaddeus of Warsaw* had immense popularity: it was translated into most of the Continental languages, and Poland was loud in its praise. Kosciusko sent the author a ring containing his portrait. General Gardiner, the British minister at Warsaw, could not believe that any other than an eye-witness had written the story, so accurate were the descriptions, although Miss Porter had not then been in Poland. The *Scottish Chiefs* was equally successful. With regard to this romance, it is known that Sir Walter Scott admitted to George IV. one day, in the library at Carlton Palace, that the *Scottish Chiefs* was the parent in his mind of the Waverley Novels. In a letter written to her friend Mr. Litchfield, about three months ago, Miss Porter, speaking of these novels, said—"I own I feel myself a kind of sybil in these things; it being full fifty years ago since my *Scottish Chiefs*, and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, came into the then untrodden field." And what a splendid race of like chroniclers

of generous deeds have followed, brightening the track as they have advanced! "The author of *Waverley*, and all his soul-stirring Tales of my Landlord, &c. Then comes Mr. James, with his historical romances on British and French subjects, so admirably uniting the exquisite fiction with the fact, that the whole seems equally verity. But my feeble hand" (Miss Porter was ailing when she wrote the letter) "will not obey my wish to add more to this host of worthies. I can only find power to say, with my trembling pen, that I cannot but esteem them as a respected link with my past days of lively interest in all that might promote the virtue and true honour of my contemporaries from youth to age." These eloquent words become the more touching, when we consider that within three months after they were written, this admirable lady quitted this life in the honoured maturity of her fame.

Miss Porter wrote, in conjunction with her sister, *Tales round a Winter's Hearth*. She was also an indefatigable contributor to the periodicals of the day. Her biographical sketch of Colonel Denham, the African traveller, in the *Naval and Military Journal*, was much admired as one of the most affecting tributes ever paid to departed merit. Miss Porter was a Chanoiness of the Polish Order of St. Joachim, which honour was conferred upon her after the publication of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. She is, in her portraits, generally represented in the habit of this order. Miss Porter died on the 14th ult., at the residence of her brother, Dr. Porter, in Portland-square, Bristol. That brother, so tenderly beloved by her, and so justly respected by all who know him, is now the last survivor of this brilliant company of brothers and sisters; and he, too, we are sorry to say, is in an enfeebled state from paralysis, aggravated by the recent shock of his gifted relative's demise. Except himself and his married niece in Russia, there remains no representative of a family, which England has good cause to hold in honoured and grateful remembrance.—*Felix Farley's Journal*.

HAYDN.

(From Baron's *Musical Times*.)

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN was born on the last day of March, 1732, at Rohrau, a small town, fifteen leagues distant from Vienna. His father was a cartwright; and his mother, before her marriage, had been cook in the family of Count Harrach, the lord of the village.

The father of Haydn united to his trade of a cartwright the office of parish sexton. He had a fine tenor voice, was fond of his organ and of music in general. On one of those journeys which the artisans of Germany often undertake, being at Frankfort-on-the-Main, he learned to play a little on the harp; and on holidays, after church, he used to take his instrument, and his wife sung. The birth of Joseph did not alter the habits of this peaceful family. The little domestic concert returned every week, and the child, standing before his parents, with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin, and the other as a bow, constantly accompanied his mother's voice. Haydn, loaded with years and with glory, has often in my presence recalled the simple airs which she sung—so deep an impression had these first melodies made on his soul, which was all music! A cousin of the cartwright, whose name was Frank, a schoolmaster at Haimburg, came to Rohrau one Sunday, and assisted at the, trio. He remarked that the child, then scarcely six years old beat the time with astonishing exactitude and precision. This Frank was well acquainted with music, and proposed to his relations to take little Joseph to his house, and to teach him. They accepted the offer with joy, hoping to succeed more easily in getting Joseph into holy orders if he should understand music.

He set out accordingly for Haimburg. He had been there only a few weeks, when he discovered in his cousin's house two tambourines. By dint of trials and perseverance, he suc-

ceeded in forming on this instrument, which has but two tones, a kind of air, which attracted the attention of all who came to the school-house.

It must be confessed that in France, amongst a class of people so poor as the family of Haydn, music is never thought of.

Nature had bestowed upon Haydn a sonorous and delicate voice. In Italy, at this period, such an advantage might have been fatal: perhaps Marchesi might have had a rival worthy of him; but Europe would have lost her symphonist. Frank, who gave his young cousin, to use Haydn's own expressions, more cuffs than gingerbread, soon rendered the young tambourist able not only to play on the violin and other instruments, but also to understand Latin, and to sing at the parish-desk, in a style which spread his reputation through the canton.

Chance brought to Frank's house, Reuter, *Maitre de Chapelle* of St. Stephen's, the cathedral church of Vienna. He was in search of pupils to recruit his children of the choir. The schoolmaster soon proposed his little relative to him; he came; Reuter gave him a canon to sing at sight.

The precision, the purity of tone, the spirit with which the child executed it, surprised him; but he was more especially charmed with the beauty of his voice. He only remarked that he did not *shake*, and asked him the reason, with a smile. The child smartly replied, "How should you expect me to shake, when my cousin does not know how himself?" "Come here," says Reuter, "I will teach you." He took him between his knees, showed him how he should rapidly bring together two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate. The child immediately made a good shake. Reuter, enchanted with the success of his scholar, took a plate of fine cherries, which Frank had caused to be brought for his illustrious brother professor, and emptied them all into the child's pocket. His delight may be readily conceived. Haydn has often mentioned this anecdote to me, and he added, laughing, that whenever he happened to shake, he still thought he saw these beautiful cherries.

It will be easily supposed that Reuter did not return alone to Vienna; he took the young *shaker* along with him, then about eight years old. In his low fortune, we find no unmerited advancement, nothing effected by the patronage of any rich man. It was because the people of Germany are fond of music, that the father of Haydn taught it to his son; that his cousin Frank instructed him still farther; and that, at length, he was chosen by the *maitre de Chapelle* of the first church in the empire. These were natural consequences of the habits of the country relative to the art which we admire.

Haydn used to say, that dating from this period, he did not recollect to have passed a single day without practising sixteen hours, and sometimes eighteen. It should be observed, that he was always his own master, and that at St. Stephen's, the children of the choir were only obliged to practice two hours. From his most tender age, music had given him unusual pleasure. At any time, he would rather listen to any instrument whatever, than run about with his little companions. When at play with them in the square, near St. Stephen's, as soon as he heard the organ, he quickly left them, and went into the church. Arrived at the age of composition, the habit of application was already acquired: besides the composer of music has advanced over other artists; his productions are finished as soon as imagined.

Haydn, who abounded in such beautiful ideas, incessantly enjoyed the pleasure of creation, which is, doubtless, one of the highest gratifications which man can possess. The poet

shares this advantage with the composer; but the musician can work faster. A beautiful ode, a beautiful symphony, need only to be imagined to cause in the mind of the author that secret admiration which is the life and soul of artists. But in the studies of the military man, of the architect, the sculptor, the painter, there is not invention enough for them to be fully satisfied with themselves; further labours are necessary. The best planned enterprise may fail in the execution; the best conceived picture may be ill painted; all this leaves in the mind of the inventor an obscurity, a feeling of uncertainty, which renders the pleasure of creation less complete. Haydn, on the contrary, in imagining a symphony was perfectly happy; there only remained the physical pleasure of hearing it performed, and the moral pleasure of seeing it applauded. I have often seen him, when he was beating the time to his own music, unable to refrain from smiling at the approach of a passage which he was pleased with. I have also seen, at the great concerts which are given at Vienna, at certain periods, some of those amateurs, who only want the faculty of feeling, dexterously place themselves in a situation where they could see Haydn, and regulate, by his smile, the extatic applauses by which they testified to their neighbours the extent of their rapture. Ridiculous exhibitions! These people are so far from feeling what is fine in the arts, that they never even suspect that there is a modesty belonging to sensibility. This is a little piece of truth, which our sentimental ladies will doubtless feel obliged to me for having taught them.

THE IRISH GIRL

A Song, written on hearing Miss Catherine Hayes, as "Linda."

Oh! fair and bright
Is the Irish girl—
Her eyes are light,
And her teeth are pearl;
And Oh! in her bosom
A soul there glows,
Bright in its light—
The delicate rose
On her peachy cheek,
And her snowy brow;—
My heart feels bliss
As I sing them now.

She steps as softly
As breathing air;
Her brow is lofty,
Pure, mild, and fair;
Her look is love,
Her form is grace,
And sweet is the smile
On her lovely face;
And Oh! the deep tones
That her rich voice sung,
Were like to bright chords
In the Heavens strung.

Oh! fair and bright
Is the Irish girl—
Her eyes are light,
And her teeth are pearl;
And, Oh! in her bosom
A soul there glows,
Bright in its light—
And the pale rose
On her peachy cheek,
And her snowy brow;—
My heart feels bliss
As I sing them now.

ROBERT.

M. ZIMMERMAN, the distinguished professor of counterpoint at the Conservatoire, has been in London, and returned to Paris yesterday.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.
(From our own Correspondent.)

As your time and space will doubtless be well occupied with matters of more grave import than our doings down here, I will dismiss what I have to say in a few words, only writing sufficient to keep such of your readers as take an interest in music, &c., in the provinces *au courant* as to what constitutes our amusement in this busy seat of commerce.

Imprimis, I am happy to say, that we have lately discovered here that *rara avis*, a good English tenor, who will, in time, if I mistake not, create a sensation in the "musical world." The name of this gentleman (who is of the Jewish persuasion), is Miranda; or—as he was once called while singing at the Liver Theatre during the Howard Glover short operatic campaign—Myers. But his name is of little import; he is young, and has been well taught by Mr. Shrivall, once a popular and clever tenor singer at our Theatre Royal. Mr. Miranda's voice is a full, rich, and mellow tenor, of great sweetness and compass, and reminds every listener of Sims Reeves, when that great vocalist first sang in Liverpool, where, perhaps, you don't know he resided several years.

Mr. Miranda, in addition to the gift of a first-rate voice, sings with great taste, and will, if he studies hard, and takes due pains to acquire a good style, soon take his place amongst the best English vocalists of the day. Even now, his singing is universally admired and praised by all our local critics—and I think he would please even the metropolitan critics, including Mr. French Flowers—for he sings from the chest without in any way straining his voice for the sake of meretricious effect. I heard him the other night at Miss Whitnall's Concert, at the Concert Hall, at which another new vocalist named Saqui, a basso, sang. This gentleman, though possessing a powerful voice, evinces great want of tuition—for though he sings carefully, his voice is harsh and ungrateful. The applause throughout the evening was uproarious—every vocalist being encored.

Miss Whitnall sang Mendelssohn's "First Violet" with much sweetness, and was encored in a Scotch song, which she sang with much animation, the applause bestowed on her fellow-artistes having put her on her mettle. Miss Jessie Hammond was encored, after singing Frank Romer's pretty ballad, "The Sailor Boy's Return," with pathos; but she went quite out of her way in attempting "Lo, here the gentle Lark." Mr. Percival performed a capriccio of his own so well as to gain a loud encore, to which he responded by substituting a fantasia on the well-known air, "Come gentil."

The *Liverpool Mail*, in a brief account of Mr. S. Percival's last *soirée musicale*, says—

"Mr. S. Percival gave his last 'soirée musicale' at the Royal Assembly Rooms, Great George Street, on Monday last, the audience being somewhat better than on previous occasions, though not sufficient, we think, to remunerate Mr. Percival for his praiseworthy attempts to provide for his patrons music of a better and more classical description than that usually heard at our concerts. At present such attempts are, like all innovations, a losing speculation to those who sacrifice pecuniary considerations to those of art, but we trust that in the end they will reap the reward so justly their due. The programme contained many choice morceaux, including a trio for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello, and a new fantasia, by Mr. Percival, both of which were exceedingly well executed. Miss Whitnall and Mr. Miranda were the vocalists, each pleasing the audience more than usual. The former is finding out that it is worth her while to sing something better than namby-pamby ballads, while the latter, gaining courage by better, sings with confidence, and promises to become a fine tenor singer. His voice is very sweet and pure, and his style good."

Our Theatre Royal is closed, but Mr. Copeland is very busy at the Amphitheatre; his company at present including Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. Cathcart, Master Edmund Boothby, a juvenile Roscius, Mr. Baker and daughter, and a "distinguished amateur," respecting whom a few words may interest your readers. The name of this gentleman, I believe, is Sir William Donne, Bart., late an officer in the army, and possessed of considerable property, who, like many other great men, has been *stingo* struck. His

height is about six feet four inches. His resemblance to Buckstone is, in all respects but this, wonderful. He plays low comedy, and if it were not for his height and growth, few would see little difference between him and that celebrated comedian. I saw him the other night in *Poor Pillicoddy*, and was quite astonished. He plays with all the care of a veteran stager, and imitated the voice and bye-play of Buckstone to admiration. The laughter throughout his performance was excessive, and at the conclusion of the farce he was most uproariously called for. With the exception of Dickens I never saw an amateur play comedy so well.

Pretty Miss Baker has become a great favorite at this theatre. She has much improved since she went to London, and now plays with great *naïveté* and grace. Her performance of Liddy O'Larragan, in *Family Jars*, is the best representation of an Irishwoman I ever saw. Few actors (if any) now on the stage can speak the brogue so naturally and racy. Her other dramatic representations, such as Pauline and Gertrude, betray a talent of a high order.

At the Philharmonic nothing is heard—the last few concerts gave anything but satisfaction; and I believe the secretary of the society is now in London, making arrangements for the forthcoming season. Unless the artists engaged are of better note than those who have lately sang at the Philharmonic, the society will soon decrease in numbers.

Miss Emma Stanley gives her musical *melange* at the Royal Assembly Rooms next week.

J. H. N.

Liverpool, June 20.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In the last No. of the Musical World, you did me the honour to direct the special attention of your numerous readers to the letters I have had the pleasure of forwarding to you, from time to time, concerning the Gregorian Chants, accompanied by an invitation to your correspondents to forward further communications, *pro* and *contra*, on the same subject. Allow me, Sir, as far as I myself am concerned, to thank you for the opportunity thus afforded, of having this affair *openly* and *fairly* discussed, an opportunity, I must add, that now occurs for the first time, and which I hope your correspondents will not neglect to avail themselves of. I will promise to do my share in the business as far as health and opportunity will permit.

It is of the greatest consequence to the fair appreciation of the merits of the cause of English Church music, that others and myself are advocating, that the true relative positions of the Anglican and Gregorian parties should be distinctly understood; for the movements of either party can scarcely be clearly discerned, if their starting points are overlooked. To place this matter in a proper light, then, will be the object of the present letter. I have already stated that some eight or ten years ago, when the Gregorianisers first commenced their crusade, the Anglican chants were the only ones in general use; a comprehensive class of chants including the solemn and devotional, the jubilant and penitential, the light and frivolous, in character among their number. This was the state of things when the musical inquisitionists imagined that their interference was needed, and when was commenced the Gregorian puffing system that has chimed in so harmoniously with continental dictum. Nor should I complain, sir, of a few men extolling to an unreasonable excess, a class of chants to which they had become inordinately attached, or affected to have become so. This I can understand, and make every allowance for. It is scarcely possible, indeed, for a zealot to do other than color and exaggerate; his very enthusiasm blinds his judgment. I could even excuse and pass over the not particularly honest Gregorian dodge of imitating one of the chief elements of that very class of chants for which the Gregorianisers, nevertheless, pretend to entertain the most thorough contempt,* namely, harmony. All this I could overlook were it

* It should be remembered that harmony forms no original part of the Gregorian chants; and that the question whether this man's or that man's harmony hides the natural meagreness of those chants the best, bringing them the nearest in character to some of our more sober single chants, has nothing whatever to do with the discussion of the supposed merits of the *Gregorian chants themselves*, although some would gladly encourage this confusion. More on this subject in a future letter.

not for the insufferable arrogance and conceit that has accompanied these discreditable doings, and the attacks that have been made on a class of compositions to which their detractors, nevertheless, stand so much indebted. But they seem to have forgotten that had it not been for the MODERN ADDED harmonies, the Gregorian chants would never have stood any chance against the Anglican, and would not have been tolerated in the English Church.

The Gregorianisers did not remain content with praising their adopted chants up to the skies, and announcing the miraculous reformation that a return to them was to effect; but proceeded to underrate the chants then in use, and with a bitterness of feeling that was none the less offensive because of its utter untruth. How this was attempted, much still remains to be shown. I have not time, this week, to say more than that it is these musical democrats, who, having obtained all they can get out of a higher description of music than their own, would now lower its condition to a level with their own—or worse, would trample it under their feet as a specimen of their gratitude; it is they who are the aggressors, and the Anglicans are the assailed party in this matter. This should always be recollect.

I beg to remain, my dear sir, yours very truly,

AN ORGANIST.

P.S.—Allow me to correct a few typographical errors that appear in my last letter. The first quotation should read thus:—“It is not difficult,” the book states, “in looking over any collection of the earliest English chants, to trace their origin in the Gregorian tones. Many contain fragments of the Gregorian melody, as those by Alcock and Dr. Wm. Hayes, which are little else than the 8th irregular or Peregrine tone, which also serves as a model for many others.” Again, on page 378, the short sentence at the end of the first paragraph should be, “This will give us an idea of what might be expected (not effected) from such a course.” An s has also found its way in here and there.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Permit me to suggest to “The Organist,” with all deference, that, be he right or wrong in his views on the subject of Gregorian Chants, it would be well he should plead his cause with more moderation and respect towards so sacred a body as the clergy, a body to which all we laymen owe the deepest veneration. And surely a difference in tastes is not so important a matter that it should call forth such animadversions, or such a temper, as is exhibited in the last letter from “Organist.” I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Monk, and I can hardly conceive that if he were to see “Organist’s” letter he would thank his advocate for the manner in which he has sustained Mr. Monk’s own views. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

V.

P.S.—Since writing the above, another letter from “An Organist” has appeared in the *Musical World*, the writer of which will perhaps allow me to suggest a fourth title for the “unearthly melodies,” and that they should be described as “Greek, Gregorian, Nigger, or Street Chants.”

As these Gregorianisers have been so good as to lay down a rule for “fairly tracing Gregorian fragments,” it would afford much pleasure if your correspondents were benevolently to carry out the rule as “An Organist” has kindly begun, and so assist them to the recovery of some more of their inestimable treasures.

Horsepath, June 18th.

GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to find that the claims put forth by the Gregorianisers are at length likely to meet with a quietus, by the publication in your excellent columns of letters and observations from some of your various and valued correspondents. After the subtly-concocted falsehoods that one has been accustomed to read in other periodicals for years past, it is quite refreshing to meet with anything on the subject that is honest and straightforward.

I have one or two facts to advance in regard to these “Gregorian pretences,” which will show that the Gregorian Chants are not so free from “secularity” as their supporters would seem to have us believe.

Early one sunny morning last summer, while taking a walk in the Dean’s Yard, Westminster, to get a view of the glorious abbey church, my attention was suddenly arrested by the following strain that came floating on the morning breeze:



Surely, thought I, that must be some one of the so-called “essentially church-like” strains: there is the same note of recitation in both halves of the “tone,” with the notes of inflection, and divers other notes, the gibberish of which I do not at this moment remember. My curiosity was excited, and I straightway set to work to trace from whence the sounds emanated. After some ineffectual attempts, I at length encountered a man in a side street, who was inquiring of the inhabitants of the vicinity (in the above “tone”) whether they would



Buy any young wa - ter crea - es.

On a subsequent occasion, I heard another “fragment of sublime melody,” when walking near Buckingham Palace, accompanying the utterance of the following interrogation—



Want any new milk? Buy any new milk?

Now, sir, how exceedingly stupid it is in people to insist that the Gregorian Chants are so distinct in character from any and all kinds of secular music, with such evidence as the above to the contrary. In insisting upon such utter folly as this, they are surely deceiving no one so completely as themselves, and those who put their trust in them. They may write and talk as much as they please about the supposed “individuality” of the Gregorian Chants; but they cannot get over the inconvenient fact, that the use of simple Gregorian-like tunes, in their primitive unharmonised form, is shared at the present day between the costermongers and the clergy. I give the Gregorianisers all possible credit for their clever attempt to gloss over this disagreeable similarity—to the eye, by printing the chants in the old square note; and to the ear, by adopting harmony; but these devices will not deceive the initiated.

Tendering you my best thanks for printing the capital letters you have done on this subject, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,

X.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—On applying, on Wednesday last, at the box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, I was informed that the price of pit stalls for the next evening's performance was 90s., and of gallery stalls 9s. 6d. The person in attendance did not deny that the regular prices are 15s. and 6s. respectively, but added that they varied according to circumstances. Such a practice is never attempted at the Royal Italian Opera, where, without reference to the number of applications, tickets are always obtainable at the regular printed prices, as long as there are any for sale. If Mr. Lumley is not aware of what is done by his officials, it is only proper that he should be made acquainted with it; but if he is aware of it, then an explanation is due to the public as to the principle, if any, on which the regular scale of prices is so frequently departed from.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. F.

London, June 17, 1860.

THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Allow me to express my regret that this highly classical entertainment is neglected by the leading journal, whilst the *Musical Union* is much noticed and lauded by them. The same

artists are selected to do justice to the great masters ; and I will say, I never heard Mendelssohn's quartett, No 5, in E flat major, played with so much nature and more art than it was at the concert, June 12th, by Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. No one can more admire the zeal and excellent directorship of Mr. Ella than myself ; but, sir, are there not two Richmonds in the field ?

FRENCH FLOWERS.

DUTCH PINKS VERSUS FRENCH FLOWERS.
(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—I have no wish to follow the bad example of F. F., and occupy any space in your valuable work every week, for I consider that all communications that do not contain matter of general interest to your readers so many impertinencies. I shall, therefore, not trouble you further than by stating that it appears to me that F. F. has hit upon an economical plan of advertising himself ; for I observe that, in every letter which he writes to you, he "contrives" to introduce several subjects, trusting to at least one of them producing an answer, to which, of course, he eagerly replies, inserting in that reply two or three more different subjects, calling for more replies, and so he "contrives" to go on week after week, booring your readers with his egotism.

The puff direct is so evident, that I think his letters call for the interference of the Stamp Office. I would, however, have him recollect, that it is possible to puff some things until you *puff* them out—this is particularly the case with rushlights.

The verdant simplicity of F. F. in putting his name in the same sentence with that of Dr. Spohr, is very amusing, and in assuming that any remark you, Sir, may have made relative to that composer,—not "contriver,"—could have anything in common with the "contrivances" of F. F., is truly laughable, excepting, always, the last part, viz., "that such compositions had better be omitted altogether."

It is to be regretted that F. F. does not carry out his determination to "be useful" with his musical "contrivances," for he says, in that which I consider to be his last advertisement, that no living vocalist can sing them. He writes, then, for posterity, or, perhaps, is waiting until the steam whistle shall have had its compass expanded and its powers, otherwise, so perfected, as to render it capable of performing melodies—at present impossible.

As F. F. appears to admire my questions, I would ask him—utilitarian as he professes to be—No ! I beg your pardon, Mr. Editor—allow me to correct myself : if I ask a question I shall fall into the trap. I will, therefore, assert, that music is of no use that cannot be performed ; that great masters are known by the great effect which they produce by simple means ; and that music, which cannot be performed on account of its complication, is a mere puzzle contrivance, and a cloak to conceal the want of genius.

It will be the fault of F. F. if I am forced to trouble you again ; but should that be the case, I take the liberty of saying, emphatically, to him, "*cave canem.*"—Yours truly,

DUTCH PINKS.

ITALIAN SINGING MASTERS AND BRITISH VOCALISTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—With your permission, it is my present intention to enter logically into the causes that prevent our singers from appearing on the Italian boards and becoming first-rate vocalists. As I seek only to arrive at the truth of this important question, I do hope that, should an answer be made to this letter, it will be written in an argumentative, manly spirit ; any other description of writing would but throw odium on the writer, and strengthen my opinions.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that our uncertain climate is an unfavourable one for vocalists, and that the Italians have generally more noble voices than our countrymen : does this argue an excuse for our vocalists being ignorant of the Grisi and Mario school of vocalization, er, to speak more generally, of the grand method which alone can make a great singer ? Cannot a common voice be taught the proper way of pouring forth sounds, which, when issuing from the feeblest voice, must produce an irresistible charm ? cannot every singer be taught to produce even full-bodied and vibrant sounds, rapid and easy execution, shakes, and other musical graces ? I boldly answer, that all this can be acquired in

one year. Again, admitting, for the sake of argument, that British singing masters could not accomplish this task, may I ask how it comes to pass, that the Italian singing masters, who boast of their superior methods (and who are assisted in their vanity by the intelligent and observing music publishers) have, up to this time of the world, withheld from our vocalists the secret of the Italian school. This is a serious question, Mr. Editor, and demands more thought and discriminative judgment than will be met with in London music shops. An Italian, accustomed to be amongst the first singers of his country, very coolly said to me one day, "Oh ! it is no use writing down the singing masters ; there should be a school of vocalization in England." To which I replied, "Have we not first-rate Italian singing masters, well paid, to give us a school ?" He shook his knowing head ; and well he might ! for he knew that many voices were ruined, and the character of voices mistaken, by his countrymen who teach in London. I will, at present, single out no one instance, but allow me, sir, to state, that I can supply your readers with many names ; and I ask, as a particular favour, that your readers will supply me with many more, so that I may have more materials to assist me in the work I have begun. Ought I not to be assisted, when so many vocal students have suffered from ulcerated sore throats, enlarged tonsils and uvula, continuous hoarseness of the voice, a difficulty of breathing, and lastly, that deadly malady, consumption, ending their earthly career. All these evils have come within my own observation, and yet the public and the music publishers have no conception of all this ; the press, too, are so merciful, or slow of discernment, as to praise the very men who deal so ungently or ignorantly with these unoffending victims. Sir, my blood is up when recounting these evils, and no man can put it down by a sneer. When, at the concerts I frequent, I see singing masters (who once smiled on me) scowl on me now, I feel proud at the change : it is an evidence of their fears and a proof of the justness of my conduct towards British vocalists. It is a deliberate iniquity to support men who can commit these mischievous mistakes, and he who commits them is either a charlatan, a simpleton, or worse. England has always been famed for dramatic actors ; then how is it that we do not shine as dramatic vocalists ? The reason is clear—because our singers have not a right control of their voices, and this unfitts them for stage efforts, and makes them timid to give out the impulses within them. If there be no sustained vibration and equal body of sound on each note, whether quickly or slowly delivered, all the bluster of arms, legs, comic gestures, or tender looks, &c., would not supply this defect. As three months (not three years,) is sufficient to make a student understand how to produce sounds, how to run, and how to shake after the Italian method, no master can justly complain of want of time, however often this may be urged as a loop-hole for defence. It has been told me that the English will not patronize British artists ; this is a libel—ask Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss C. Hayes if, in this respect, they have reason to complain. If our singers could charm the public as well as the Italians, they need not assume foreign names to add to their reputation, but so long as they continue in ignorance of the secret of the Italian school, so long must they rest satisfied with their present position. Lastly, if the singing masters suppose I have a personal spite against them, they have no argument to support the charge. They will find me their friend when they bring out a voice well cultivated ; but till they do this, I will not believe that they understand their work. Their method now is to play tricks with the voice.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

ROSSINI AND THE "MORNING POST."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—I would wish to call your attention to the criticism in the *Morning Post* on the performance of the *Gazza Ladra*, at the Royal Italian Opera, on Tuesday last. In the first place, the critic remarks—"The noisy overture was superbly played. The *Gazza Ladra* is a flashy, tawdry, boisterous kind of opera, containing a few pretty pieces. It smelle not of the lamp, but of the lamps, for, like most of the author's productions, it has evidently been got up with a view to theatrical effect. Beethoven, when asked his opinion of Rossini, answered that he was a scene-painter, and he was right; the 'Swan' could not have been better described."

Now, sir, I know not what the writer of the above extract may call "a few pretty pieces," when the whole opera is, in my humble estimation, and, I believe I may add, in the estimation of every thinking man, a succession of pieces, prodigal of melody, and developed with exceeding skill; but when he goes on to say that, "with such performers, even Verdi would go down," I would call his attention to the fact, that *Anato* did not prove an attraction, though Ronconi's splendid performance would have undoubtedly made it so, had the music been even tolerable. The coupling of such men as Rossini and Verdi is perfectly unaccountable. I trust, sir, you will not allow the slight offered by the *Morning Post*, to be far the greatest of living dramatic composers, to pass unnoticed in your valuable journal; and I beg to remain your obedient servant,

G. S. P.

P.S. Your remarks last week on the propriety of bringing out the *Flauto Magico* at Covent Garden were most welcome to all lovers of Mozart's music. There can be no doubt that such an announcement would, in every point of view, be an immense advantage to the directors of that theatre.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JAMES'S.

FRENCH PLAYS. — A more numerous and aristocratic audience was never assembled within the walls of a theatre than that which appeared on Wednesday last, to patronise the benefit of Mr. Mitchell, the spirited and enterprising lessee. The performance was under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, who was accompanied by the Prince Consort. The house was crowded in every part by the noble supporters of the French drama in London, and the Nepaules Princes were conspicuous on the grand tier of boxes, attired with Oriental splendour, blazing with diamonds of the purest water, and attired with Cashmere shawls equal in price to the value of a king's ransom.

We have repeatedly stated, and we again repeat, that the honours conferred on Mr. Mitchell by the first persons of the kingdom are justly and deservedly bestowed. To a consummate knowledge of the exigencies of the position which he has assumed, Mr. Mitchell joins the most perfect disinterestedness and the most unbounded liberality in all his dealings, added to which he exhibits an unusual spirit of conciliation and gentlemanly bearing in all his transactions, which have gained him the esteem of his subscribers and the confidence of the actors. Mr. Mitchell has elevated the character of the French theatre in London from the abasement into which it had fallen prior to his assumption of the reins of management, and in his hands it has become an elegant drawing-room, where the company and the style of amusement are equally select. Opera, tragedy, and comedy are by turns represented, and no expense is spared to ensure perfection.

The choice of the entertainment was sufficient of itself to attract a crowded house. It consisted of *Les Extrêmes se touchent*; *Cathérine, ou La Croix d'Or*; *Un Caprice*; *Roger Bontemps*; a scene from *Domino Noir*; and a scene from the ballet of *Esmeralda*, "La Truandaise" by Carlotta Grisi. Of the three first pieces we have already had occasion to speak; it will therefore be sufficient to remark that the charming little drawing-room scene by M. Alfred de Musset, *Un Caprice*, was most elegantly and aptly impersonated by Meddles, Nathalie and Brassine, and that M. Lafont gave us to the life the veteran Austerlitz. *Roger Bontemps*, the new piece, is written to typify a character comparatively unknown in English manners—a careless, extravagant, harmless *bon vivant*, who, like the grasshopper, sings all the summer and starves during the winter. The allusions were not understood,

and consequently were coldly received, and we doubt that it will prove attractive in spite of the excellent acting of M. Lafont. We have left for the *bonne bouche* the scene from the *Domino Noir*, "Je suis sauvée enfin," and the cavatina, "Amour, a toi," both of which were admirably rendered by Madlle. Charton, who was welcomed with enthusiastic applause on her appearance and a shower of bouquets when the curtain went down, and she was recalled, only escaping an encore out of consideration for the fatigue which she had already undergone. Another of the principal features was the "Truandaise" of Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, who danced with her accustomed finish and grace, and went through the accompanying pantomime scene with M. Charles with admirable coquetry. A unanimous recall was the result; in vain Carlotta bowed and smiled her sweetest smile, the audience would not be denied, and the whole scene was repeated.

J. DE C.—

SHAKSPERE COOKERY, BY M. SCRIBE.

(From *Punch*.) |

M. SCRIBE threatens to oust M. Soyer, and to surmount the laurels of the original dramatist with the paper-cap of the cook. M. Scribe's first dish to an English audience having been relished with such delight, prescribes—their ink-bottles foaming with champagne—having declared the *fricassée* of wondrous spiceness and flavor, and fast men having smacked their mouths, and yelled their applauses of the treat, the new French opera cook, in the depths of his gratitude, is about to publish the recipe by which he has been enabled to lay before a thoughtful, Shakspere-loving audience, the savoury mess. PUNCH has been favoured with an early copy of the document:

How to Cook a SWAN (of Avon).

Cut the swan into pieces, throwing away the heart and brains. Put the fragments of the swan in a brazen kettle.

Place over a quick fire, while fan with the poems of *Venus and Adonis*.

Stir with the toe of Carlotti Grisi, now fast, now gently, now stir not at all.

Use Lablache as a bellows when wanted to boil.

Take a song of Sontag's, as cold champagne, occasionally to cool.

Boil again with an air by Coletti.

Cool and boil, and boil and cool, until the fragments of the swan shall be thoroughly dissolved.

Strain through canvas, painted by Marshall.

Serve hot to an enlightened public, who will be frantic with delight that a French cook should have made so admirable a *fricassée* of their adored Swan of Avon.

N.B. It would doubtless give the dish a fine flavour if the fire could be made of the rafters of Shakspere's birth-place

Further, MR. PUNCH may be allowed to advise M. SCRIBE, who can hatch such French geese of his own, not to meddle with the Swan of Stratford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BLACK MALIBRAN.—Madame Marie Martinez is the name of the black Malibran, who is at present in Paris. She was born in Havana, and is first chamber singer to her Majesty the Queen of Spain. She has a magnificent soprano voice, whose notes, vibrating and pearly when high, soft and velvety in the medium, have in the low tones the masculine ring of the contralto. There is something strange and unearthly in these extreme sounds, which have never been heard from our European throats. Madame Martinez accompanies herself on the guitar, which, in her skilful hands, is completely transformed; the instrument is no longer grinding or monotonous; sometimes it is sweet and delicious as a harmony of flutes or hautboys; then, it lets fall a torrent of passing tempos of and still the last year's violin solo of *La Bohème*

sionate notes rolling like a drum. All this is poetical and charming. But what will surprise our dilettanti, will be to hear her vocalize like Madame Persiani, and also to draw out such fine tones, as if she had practised ten years with a class of the Conservatory under Rubini or Duprez.—*New York Tribune.* [Madame Martiner is expected in London daily.]

MR. LUMLEY'S FITZ.—Among the distinguished personages present at the *déjeuner et fête artistique* given by Mr. Lumley, on Wednesday, at his villa at Fulham, to M.M. Scribe and Halévy, we observed the following:—His Excellency General Jung Behadou Koowur Ranjee, Colonel Juggut Shumshere Koowur Ranjee, Colonel Dheer Shumshere Koowur Ranjee, Rummahr Singh Adhikaree Khajee Kurbeer Khutree, Hemdul Singh Thapa, Khubee Khutree, Lal Singh Khutree; the Duke of Cleveland, the Duke of Leeds, the Duke of Leinster, his Excellency the Baron de Brunnow, the Count de Marescalchi, *chargé d'affaires* of France, his Excellency the Baron and the Baroness Rehausen, the Marquess of Huntly, the Marquess of Granby, the Marquess of Bath, the Earl of Belfast, the Earl of Falmouth, the Earl of Maimesbury, the Earl and Countess Poulett, the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Shelburne, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Mountcharles, le Marquis d'Azeglio, le Marquis Centurione, Viscount Mahon, Viscount Malden, Viscount Mandeville, Viscount Anson, Viscount Cranbourne, Viscount Clifden, Viscount Duppilin, Lord Annesley, Viscount Enfield, Viscount Exmouth, Viscount Templeton, Viscount Ranleigh, Viscount Maidstone, Viscount Canterbury, the Count de Barke, Lord Brougham, Lord George Paget, Lord Harry Vane, Lord Beaumont, Lord Brooke, Lord W. Lennox, Lord de Tabley, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, the Baron de Goldamid, Lord Henry Loftus, Lord Sandys, Lord Saltoun, the Countess of Harrington and the Lady Jane St Maur Stanhope, the Countess of Dungarvon, the Viscountess Forbes and the Misses Westcombe, the Count and Countess Rossi, the Baroness de Rothschild, the Baron Meyer de Rothschild, the Baron and Baroness Charles de Rothschild, the Hon. A. Willoughby, Colonel and Mrs. Upton, the Hon. R. Bourke, the Hon. H. Cavendish, the Hon. Claude Lyon, Colonel the Hon. Dawson Damer, M.P., the Hon. A. Duncombe, Colonel the Hon. C. Fox, the Hon. Fleetwood Fellow, Colonel the Hon. C. Grey, Colonel Hamilton, Colonel Wildman, Sir John Macdonald, Bart., Sir Denham Norreys, M.P., Sir Ralph Howard, Bart., M.P., Lady and Miss Howard, General Sir Alexander Woodford, Bart., Lady and Miss Woodford, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., Sir Edward Butler, Bart., and Lady Butler, Sir Charles Shakerley, Bart., Sir W. Somerville, Bart., M.P., Lady and Miss O'Donel, Lady Morgan, Sir John and Lady Bayley, Sir John and Lady Campbell, Sir John and Lady Kirkland, Sir G. and Lady Smart, Mrs. Grote and Miss Maberley, the Greek Consul and Madame Ralli, Mr. Ker, M.P., Capt. Lyon, Sir J. Lowther, M.P., Sir Thomas and Lady Barrett Lennard, Mrs. William Locke, Mr. Mackinnon, M.P., Mr. Sergt. Murphy, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Hon. R. C. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Oliviera, Mrs. Paul, Mr. Packe, M.P., and Mrs. Packe Reading, and Miss Jane Packe, Mr. and Mrs. Prinsep, Mr. and Mrs. John Sandford, Mr. Mrs., and the Misses Thellusson, Lady Knox, Colonel Bower, Colonel Dixon, Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Aspinall, Major Mountjoy Martin, Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., and Mrs. Disraeli, Barry Baldwin, M.P., and Miss Baldwin, M. de Berg, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert de Burgh, Hon. Colonel and Mrs. Bagot, Major Bagot, Hon. R. Bourke, M. and Mme. de Breuil, Mrs. and Miss Borthwick, R. Bernal, M.P., Bernal Osborne, M.P., and Mrs. Osborne, H. Baring, M.P., E. Cutler, Esq., H. Singleton, Esq., Baillie Cochrane, M.P., Mr. Cubitt, M.P., and the Misses Cubitt, Mrs. and Miss Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Captain Harry Lee Carter, Hon. Major Needham, Mr. Dodd, M.P., and Mrs. Dodd, and Miss Saunders, the Chevalier Drouet, Mrs. Milner Gibson, M. de Dervien, the Count de Wielowski, Colonel Lewis, Captain Warburton, Mr. E. Bligh, Captain Gallwey, Captain Arthur, Sir Edward, Lady, and Miss Sugden, Sir Thomas, Lady, and Miss Talfourd, Mr. Thackray, Mr. and Mrs. Brereton Treawny, Sir Frederick Trench, Bart., M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Towneley, Mr. and Mrs. Wroyle, the Hon. General Upton, Sir Henry Webb, Bart., M. and Mme. Scribe, M. and Mme. Halévy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, Mr. Edwin Landseer and party, Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, Mr. Charles Landseer, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert a'Beckett, Mr. Leech, Mr. T. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cruikshank, Mr. Doyle, Mr. A. Forrester, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Faraday, Madame Pasta, Count and Countess de Rossi, Signor Lablache, Mr. Charles Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. John Oxford, Madlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hastings, Mr. Francis, Mr. Morris Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Balfé and family, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Hogarth, M. Zimmerman, Mr. W. D. Davison, M. Lemoine, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Signor and Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Clement White, &c.

HALEVY AND SCRIBE left London on Thursday for Paris.

CREMORNE GARDENS.—An almost unprecedented number of persons attended these gardens on Thursday, in the expectation of a visit from the Nepalese Embassy, but the distinguished party did not make their appearance. The first flush of disappointment over, the entertainments proceeded, and were prolonged to an unusually late hour, with unwonted *éclat*.

CONCERT IN HIGH LIFE.—A *Matinée Musicale*, of a very interesting character, was given on Monday, the 10th instant, at the residence of Mrs. Robert Cartwright, 16, Craven Hill, Hyde Park Gardens. The performers were all amateurs, of rank and fashion, with the exception of Mademoiselle Mathilde Graumann, Mr. Travers, Mr. Whitworth, and Signor Marchesi. The programme was good, and included some excellent compositions by the talented and accomplished lady at whose mansion the concert took place. M. Jules de Glines, the popular conductor and professor, directed with his usual admirable tact.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON gave a morning concert at the Hanover Rooms on Friday, the 14th inst. The programme was very long, and the singers numerous. The instrumentalists were Mr. F. Chatterton (harp), Signor Briccialdi (flute), Madlle. Coulon (piano), and Mr. Bezeth (violin). Among the vocalists, Mademoiselle Cora Stelli, a singer of much promise, distinguished herself in Macfarren's song, "Ah! why do we love," and Clapisson's romance, "Martha la brune." We shall be glad to hear this young lady again. Mr. Maurice Levy conducted.

THE WIDOW FLAHERTY.—This extraordinary old woman, who had arrived at the prolonged age of 110, as has been already chronicled in the *Musical World*, expired a few days since. She enjoyed admirable health and spirits until a day or two before her decease, when nature appeared suddenly to give way. It is pleasing to add, that the last hours of Mrs. Flaherty were soothed, and her pain alleviated by the kind attention and prompt sympathy of Mr. Matthew Phillips, who lately gave several lectures in her behalf, and succeeded in obtaining adequate relief for her declining days. By means of Mr. Matthew Phillips, Mrs. Flaherty was presented to the House of Lords by the Right Hon. Lord Portman, and to the House of Commons by Sir George B. Pechell, Bart.

CONCERTS.—SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI'S *matinée musicale* took place on Friday, the 7th instant. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Mrs. A. Newton, Signor Marras, Signor Ferrari, and Mr. Frodsham. Instrumentalists—Signor Piatti (violoncello); Signor Giulio Regondi (concertina); Mr. R. Blagrove (viola); and the Messrs. G. and J. Case (concertina). Mr. Kiallmarc conducted.—MISS DEAKIN'S morning concert was given, on Wednesday last, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, Miss Noble, Miss Deakin, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Herr Stigelli, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. W. H. Seguin. Instrumentalists—Madlle. Coulon, Mr. W. H. Holmes, Signor Briccialdi, and Mr. Horatio Chipp. Mr. Brinley Richards conducted.—DON F. AND DON R. DE CIBERA's second and last Evening Guitar Concert took place on Wednesday. The singers reckoned Madlle. Prendergast, Madame Feret, Madame de Simonis, Madame de Lozano, and Madame Lemaire. The instrumental department was confided to the two Dons, Signor Giulio Regondi, Madlle. Sophie Dulcken, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton. Messrs. Frelon and Ford joined in the direction.

HERR GEORGE STIGELLI'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT.—(*From an occasional Correspondent.*)—This concert took place at Willis's Rooms, on Friday, the 14th instant, the large space being completely filled by an audience who, throughout the concert, seemed delighted with the excellence of the programme. The judicious choice of classical works, with others of a lighter character, gave sufficient variety to afford general satisfaction. Herr Stigelli, who enjoys the reputation of being a first-rate tenor, was in all his songs rapturously applauded, and in several of them encored. He sang a beautiful *Preghesa* of the sixteenth century, by Alessandro Stradello, with much tenderness and expression: if anything, the composition was too long. The next was the celebrated duet from Spohr's opera, *Jessonda*, "Fairest maiden," in which the sonorous and brilliant soprano of Madame Nottés (*the prima donna* of the Hanoverian Opera) told with admirable effect. Herr Stigelli commenced the second part with two charming songs, "Ye flowers that to me she gave," by F. Schubert, and the popular *schifflied*

by Molique, "Come all ye glad and free." The latter received an encore—a fine and bold Hungarian mélody Herr Stigelli had arranged for this occasion, in which he undertook the solo part, assisted in the chorus by the Hungarian Singers. Finally, there was his own song, "Die schönsten augen," into which Herr Stigelli knows so well how to throw all his passionate enunciation, and the clear upper B flat from the chest always comes in so effectively. The Hungarian Singers acquitted themselves in two choruses, with their usual perfection. Madame Nottes selected for her solo, Balfe's ballad "I'm a merry Zingara," which was sung with great animation. This lady is gradually working her way into public favour, and deservedly so. We were pleased to greet the celebrated *contralto*, Madlle. Angri, who is the only possible substitute for Madlle. Albini. The "No, no, no," from the *Huguenots*, was as a matter of course encored; nothing could be more brilliant than Madlle. Angri's singing. A *cavatina* by Donizetti, from *Maria de Rohan*, came rather tame after her first effort. Signor Marchesi reaped considerable applause, not only in the *aria* by Ricci, but also in the duet, "Dunque io son," from *Il Barbieri*, with Madlle. Angri: it was encored. The first part concluded with the celebrated quintet from *Cosi fan tutte*, and had also to be repeated. We have to mention the instrumental performers. The first was the "Chaconne" by S. Bach, performed on the violin, with his customary perfect skill and classical style, by Herr Molique, accompanied by his charming and clever daughter, Madlle. Molique. The *Melodies* of his own composition address themselves more to the general understanding, and he received his well-merited applause. Madlle. Molique's accompanying is always musician-like. Herr Dreyfuschock played his *Capriccio* with extraordinary vigour and brilliancy, which produced a call for an encore. In return for this compliment he gave a *Tarentella*, a composition of a more popular standard than the former. A principal feature in the programme was the name of Herr Oberthür, a harpist of the first order, and whose "Lieder ohne Worte" have so often afforded us great pleasure by the transcriptions of M. J. Rummel for the pianoforte. Herr Oberthür possesses an extraordinary command over his instrument, which he displayed to great advantage in a brilliant *fantasia* of his own composition, entitled *Souvenirs des Londres*. He earned considerable applause. We congratulate Herr Stigelli on the general success of his concert, and the gratification he has thus been enabled to furnish to his admirers. We had almost omitted to mention the most prominent feature in the programme, namely, the matchless song from *Die Zauberflöte*, "Dies Bildniss," which Herr Stigelli rendered with thrilling effect, so as to produce an unanimous call for an encore. If Herr Stigelli had sung nothing else, it could not fail to establish him in the good opinion of the musical public.

MADILLE. SOPHIE BOHRER.—We have much pleasure in quoting the following article, copied from an Odessa paper, on this young pianiste. "Since we have heard Madille. Bohrer, we doubt nothing. So young, and yet so accomplished—with hands of a frail and delicate child and the power of a giant. Never did any *artiste* excite so much enthusiasm in Odessa. One must hear her perform before we can believe how easily she overcomes the difficulties of Liszt—reputed impossibilities. What power, what clearness in the detail, what nerve, what inspiration! Now she changes the composition; she is about to give us the sombre and mysterious poem of Beethoven, entitled 'Sonata quasi una Fantasia'! The melody grand and sublime of the *adagio*, the charming coquetry of the *scherzo*, the terrible despair of the *finale*, were all truthfully and wonderfully rendered. At the end, the amiable *artiste* offered us a bouquet of the charming and quaint mazurkas by F. Chopin—a bouquet of the freshest hues, presented with infinite gracefulness. All that Madille. Bohrer attempts, she accomplishes; her play, her action, her expression, her shake, her *stocatto*, astonished us, and her octave playing almost disputes the palm with M. Dreyfuschock. A few years ago, Madille. Bohrer published a *repertoire* of a hundred pianoforte pieces for one of her concerts in Paris, by masters of every school, both classical and modern."

IGNORANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.—At the dinner given on the 23rd ult., at Stratford-upon-Avon, in celebration of the nativity of Shakespeare's birth, Mr. Russell said the other day he was reading "Lear," and "As You Like It," in Derbyshire; one man of the town said

to another, "Shakspere's coming to-day;" another said, "Hast thee seen him, you—what is he like?" "Why," replied the other, "A man in a blue coat, with a book under his arm." "Thirty years ago, a lady, who kept a lady's school in Stratford, told him seriously "that Shakspere was very little thought of till Leamington became a watering place." (Considerable laughter.) Some short time since he was in Scotland, and called upon Sir Adam Ferguson, who was a very intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott's, and upon Mr. Russell mentioning that he was giving public "Readings from Shakspere," Sir Adam said—"Oh, Shakspere—I can tell you something about that. A lady of my acquaintance wanted some prints which I had, and very good ones they were, too; upon their being handed over to her, and put in proper order, she came to a likeness of Shakspere. The old woman said—"Weel, and wha is that?" "Oh," replied Sir Adam, "that is Shakspere before Sir Thomas Lucy." "Weel," added the old dame, "but what's he doing?" "Doing," said her friend; "he's taken up for deer-stealing." "Tak' him awa', tak' him awa'"—exclaimed the old lady, "I'll ha' no sic a fellow in my house!"

MUSICAL FETE AT CAPESTHORNE PARK, MANCHESTER.—The liberal proprietress of Capesthorne, Lady Davenport, appears to be devoting herself to the gracious task of sharing the happy privileges of her position with the less fortunate of the world around her. We have again to record the opening of the park to a crowd of visitors on Saturday last, principally consisting of the pupils of Mr. Weston's singing school, under whose direction they were marshalled. With these were joined several members of the Mechanics' Institute and Atheneum. Among the directors were Messrs. Hewitt, J. P. Spencer, J. Jerom, S. Dean, Dr. Cassells, and J. Fox Turner. From six to seven hundred pupils were congregated, and the green woods rang with the quaint old madrigal, and the cheerful and the plaintive chorus. Among the former were Morley's "Now is the month of Maying," and Forde's "Since first I saw your face;" among the latter, Weber's "Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May;" "See our oars with feathered spray," by Sir John Stevenson; a pleasant chorus by our townsmen, Mr. B. Hime, "I see them on their winding way;" and the late Miss Flower's "Now pray we for our country." To these were added, at the particular request of Mrs. Davenport, Korner's "Prayer during the battle;" and, as a graceful tribute to the kind hostess, Bishop's serenade, "Sleep, gentle lady," was given after the departure of the company. Through the kindness of Lieut.-Col. Slade, the splendid band of her Majesty's 90th Infantry took part in the musical arrangements, playing in fine taste the overtures to *The Crown Diamonds* and *Der Freischütz*, along with several polkas and waltzes. Among the party invited to the hall were the following:—Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, Major Smythe, Mrs. Leycester, J. Dixon, Esq., Mr. and the Misses Hibbert, Miss Cholmondeley, Mr. and Miss Egerton Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft, and the Misses Armstead, Mr. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Granville, Mrs. and Miss Brocklehurst, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brocklehurst, Mr. and Mrs. Cruttenden, Mr. and Mrs. Roe, Miss Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Weigall.—*Manchester Examiner*.

MANCHESTER.—The first part of *King Henry the Fourth* was attempted at the Theatre Royal on Monday evening, for the purpose of introducing the Falstaff of Mr. Phelps, about the cleverness of which much has been said. It is a talented performance, but far from the ideal of Shakspere's witty knight. The reading was judicious—often original; the keen wit and satire appreciated with the good sense of a man who had put his mind to the work, and thoroughly understood the greatness of the task he had to accomplish; but the execution was far inferior to the conception; the richunction, the oily humour of the part, became hard and withered, and the refinement of the character lost in the growling and grunting load of flesh. That our idea of the part and of the player was not in accordance with the general feeling of the audience, might be observed from the loud laughter and applause; upon which hint the play has been announced for repetition. It is painful to speak of the rest of the acting on Monday evening. The company is so reduced, that doubling was resorted to in a way not usual, we should presume, even in a provincial establishment; if we mistake not, a knight, in coat and plume of the first scene, became transformed, most suddenly, into Bardolph, with a face and costume that would have been more in

character with a Christmas pantomime ; and there were other specimens of versatility which it would have been as well to avoid, even at the fag end of a season. To add to the inefficiency of the business, a Mr. Charles Mayne appeared as the representative of the fiery Hotspur, exhibiting such a total incapacity for the task as to be beneath criticism, except that which met him in the unpleasant, but usual expression of displeasure on the part of the audience—one rarely resorted to by the good-natured people of Manchester.

JENNY LIND.—A letter from Stockholm of the 24th ult., says :—“The day before yesterday Madlle. Jenny Lind arrived here from Lubeck, by the steamer *Gauthiod*. At the landing place the celebrated cantatrice was received by a great number of young girls, all clothed in white, who offered flowers and wreaths to her. A carriage, drawn by four white horses, sent by the Philharmonic Society, conducted Madlle. Lind to her hotel, where some apartments had been prepared for her. In the evening the houses adjoining the hotel were illuminated by lights placed at all the windows ; a chorus of professors and *dilettanti* executed a serenade under her windows, and hundreds of young men promenaded the principal streets of the town in procession; carrying flambeaux. Madlle. Lind will give six concerts at the Royal Theatre at Stockholm. According to the custom here, when a noted artiste arrives, the tickets for the places are put up at public sale ; more than 15,000 persons disputed their possession, and they have been sold at exorbitant prices. Madlle. Lind will quit Stockholm towards the middle of July for the waters at Ems. Her engagement in the United States commences on the 1st of October ; but she will not embark for that country before the month of September.”

MUSIC.—In attempting to define the sister arts of Music and Painting, we should say, broadly, that the one is supplied from inward sentiments, the other from outward observation ; therefore, that in presenting them to the comprehension and enjoyment of a race of beings compounded of body and spirit, the art consists in giving to music a form, and to painting a soul ; that it is an argument both of our earthly and heavenly natures, that music must be materialized and painting spiritualized to fit them for our service, since only a higher order of beings can be supposed to partake of their ineffable beauties in their abstract essence, and converse with art as they do with truth, face to face. We mean no comparison of the relative value and beauty of these two arts, feeling sure that, however distinct their lines of light may appear to us here, they unite in one radiant point beyond our sight, though visible to true artist faith. Nor are we less assured that each art is equally favourable to that purity of life and high spiritual attainment to which all great poetic gifts are intended to contribute as a subordinate but still divine revelation ; but inasmuch as the process of music is necessarily from within to without, as the very depth of its source requires it to pass through so much of this earth before it reaches the surface of our perceptions, music is, of all others, that art which is more especially placed at the mercy of mankind. The painter, when he has completed his picture, rests from his labour—it requires nothing further at his hands. It stands there in silent independence, needing nothing but the light of heaven to convey it to the organ by which it is admitted to the mind. But the offspring of the musician is born dumb—it reaches no ear but his own, and that a mental one—it has to appeal to others to give it voice and being. Men and women, subject to all the caprices and corruptions of their kind—and those of the mere material musician are among the meanest in the world—wood and wire, and brass and catgut, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, are indispensable to its very existence ; and thus the composer and his composition are separated by a medium which too often reflects dishonour, though falsely so, on the art itself. As Guido, in the prologue to his *Antiphonarium*, bitterly says of those who for centuries were the only instruments of music, namely, singers,—

Musicorum et Cantorum
Magna est distancie :
Ist dicunt—Illi sciunt,
Quae componit Musica :
Nam qui incit quod non sapit,
Definitur Bestia.—*Quarterly Rev. w.*

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